THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

> Various;—that the mind
> Of desultory man, studious of change,
> And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
> COWPER.

Vol. III.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, March* 7, 1807. [No. 10.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

If the Editor thinks the following effusion of fancy worthy of insertion it is at his disposal.

It was designed as a faint essay to express the inclination of the authour, and also the plan of education, according to his notion, most proper for the instruction of youth.

AURELIUS was a farmer of great respectability. The younger part of his life was spent in a populous city, where he not only acquired a knowledge of the world, but having access to a publick library he stored his mind with all kinds of information. His disposition inclining him to solitude and study, he relinquished a lucrative employment, and purchasing a small farm retired to give freedom to his inclination in philosophical inquiries. After spending some years in a state of celibacy he entered into a conjugal life with an amiable young woman, an orphan under the guardianship of a neighbouring farmer. In this state his happiness could only be increased by the blessing of offspring, in which he was speedily gratified, and before the fourth year of his wedlock found himself in possession of two charming boys, when heaven, as if desirous to satiate his felicity, granted him his wish, for his desire of having but few children was answered; Charles and Edward were his only offspring. Blessed now with the fulness of happiness, he regaled himself in the bosom of felicity. His two sons grown to an age fit to receive instruction were taken under his own immediate tuition. Aware of the danger to which the morals of children are exposed, particularly at country schools, and how much the examples they there see militates with the endeavours of parents; he wisely sacrificed his own ease to the good of his boys, and undertook their education at the expense of his own liberty. The confinement and interference with business so generally adduced by parents to rid themselves of the trouble of educating their own children sunk into an atom, and the importance of

> " Teaching the young ideas how to shoot,
> " The wayward passions how to move,"

eclipsed and banished all other considerations from his regard.

Charles and Edward were now occasionally called from play, and taught the rudiments of language; and to encourage them Aurelius occasionally illustrated the numerous advantages and pleasure of knowledge; he likewise frequently offered a reward much more grateful to youthful minds: the privilege of riding, fishing, &c. By these means he wrought in them a fondness for learning, and hastened the progress of his pupils to the happy hour when their acquisition of

knowledge would enable them to join hands with him in promoting science. Having now advanced them to an ability to read and write, and to understand arithmetick, he put into their hands the elements of the mathematicks, thereby to frame their minds for just reasoning, and to give them a relish for truth. The boys enamoured with their new employment and animated with the clear certainty they perceived as they came to understand the propositions, bent with fresh vigour to their studies; and Aurelius had now the pleasure of seeing his pupils, though but lads, able to reason like men. Not satisfied with bare assertion, they demanded reasons, and this was the moment for their introduction into philosophy; convinced of this Aurelius considered the most proper part to commence. Natural philosophy he knew was very intricate, many of the causes of the phænomena of nature lay veiled in obscurity and altogether beyond the reach of their imperfect intellect. However, he at length concluded upon the physical part of natural science into which study the lads were ushered. Metaphysicks beside being more abstruse might, he apprehended, from their present state of intellect lead to infidelity or the renunciation of the important truth of divine revelation. He, therefore, prudently settled them to the simplest phænomena of nature, and as the most extensive and important part of natural knowledge depended upon chemistry, he first initiated them into that study: thence they were conducted to mechanicks, which completed what is termed experimental philosophy; and enabled them to understand the various operations and effects of nature. He was now gratified with seeing his boys acquainted with almost every part of physical knowledge, and taking disposition from his example they brought every thing practicable to the test of experiment.

Natural history was next imposed upon them, and finally he put into their hands the invaluable Essay on Human Understanding by J. Locke. Having now passed through the intended circle of knowledge, and arrived at an age suitable to acquire some occupation, Aurelius considered the most judicious manner for their introduction and exposure upon the theatre of the world; he knew vice was unbounded, no profession exempt from the imputation of it; and, therefore, concluded to give liberty to their inclination. When the two boys fixed upon agriculture, Aurelius, well satisfied with their choice, continued to instruct them, not only in theory, but imposing the practice upon them they became fully acquainted with both art and science, and by the will of their father settled on an adjoining tract of land where they lived and became respectable and highly useful men.

RUSTICUS.

For The Port Folio.

THE DRAMA.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The letter of your correspondent Theatricus purporting to be a sketch of the New-York performers is sometimes questionable in point of criticism and sometimes erroneous in point of fact.

The ages of Mr. Tyler and Mrs. Oldmixon are advanced a good five years a piece. Mrs. Villiers is said to be about thirty, and Mrs. Darley about twenty-six years of age. The truth is, that Mrs. Villiers is the youngest of three sisters, of whom Mrs. Wood of the Philadelphia Theatre is the eldest, and Mrs. Darley the second. Theatricus's criticism on Mrs. Villiers's acting gives a pretty faithful picture. She occasionally assumes (for so, I presume, your correspondent means to inform you) *both* the sock and the buskin. I sympathize with you in the pleasure with which you must have heard of the chastity of her chambermaids.

I differ very much with your correspondent on the merits of Messrs. Robinson, Martin, and Hogg. I believe Mr. Robinson to be modest, and this virtue is far from weighing little in my estimation; he may be intelligent, and he generally remembers his

part; but he has the most intolerable slowness of enunciation, and misplaced pathos, that it is possible for you to conceive. Upon offering his hand the other evening to a character with whom he was to make his exit, he made the following stately, affecting, and emphatick speech: "Give—me —YOUR—hand."

Mr. Martin I call remarkably insignificant. His manner of speaking is trivial, and his action inanimate. Theatricus gives you a wide circle of character, which Mr. Martin he tells you portrays with equal success. Perhaps I ought to leave this position as it stands; but I am tempted to say that I have once seen him perform an *Irishman* with *rather more* success than any thing else.

Mr. Martin has an unaccountable popularity in New-York; something like, give me leave to say, Mr. Fennel's in Philadelphia. I have never witnessed any extraordinary display of powers in this gentleman, and his forgetfulness of his part exceeds every thing that might hope for the indulgence of the house. I am assured however, from a quarter which leaves me no room to doubt the truth of the statement, that Mr. M. is *twenty* years younger than he is described to be in the letter of Theatricus.

So much for the minor particulars to be corrected or disputed; but what I and others have read with absolute amazement, is the account given you of Mr. Twaits. This gentleman is rather too fond of making a scaramouch of himself, to give entire satisfaction; but the faults laid to his charge by Theatricus, appear to me to have no existence. I have witnessed Mr. Twaits's performances a sufficient number of times to be able to declare, that Mr. Twaits *never offends against modesty;* nor do I think it creditable that he could at any time succeed in raising a laugh among the genteeler part of the audience, the boxes, of New-York, at the expense of modesty. The assertion is a little rash.

Theatricus tells you that Mr. Twaits's face is what the ladies call monstrous ugly. I do not find that (at least *all*) the ladies of New-York are of this opinion; nor do I think that Theatricus, if he saw Mr. Twaits when he has taken less pains than usual *to beautify* himself (as in the first scene of *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*) would pronounce any such sentence. This expression, and others, occurring in your correspondent's letter, I suspect that he is in the habit of seeing the performers of New-York at a distance only, and that he has not seen them very often. As to Mr. Twaits's voice, it has always excited my admiration. It has an extraordinary compass and sweetness. It has an elegance which often forcibly (to my mind) contrasts itself with the inelegance of his character and the buffoonery of his action. I will add what it will give you satisfaction to hear, and what I repeat on good foundation, that, in private life, Mr. Twaits is entitled to more than common praise, whether as a man or as a student of his art. Though on the stage he is often no more than a *merry-andrew*, behind the scenes his judgment and genius are often resorted to in the most refined departments of the drama; and at home his hours are so spent as to render him eminently qualified for rendering this species of service. I have been much displeased with him in *Goldfinch*, whom he makes a stableboy; but, in his proper walk, he cannot but be an acquisition and an ornament to any theatre.

OBSERVATOR.

AUSONIUS.

Ausonius lived in the fourth century, and was preceptor to Gratian. By the interest of his royal pupil he was advanced to the consulship. In ancient times the poet and the statesman were frequently combined, but in modern ones the phænomenon would be very extraordinary.

No one excels Ausonius in imagination or invention, in strength of language or in keeness of wit. But his faults at least counterbalance his merit; for his fancy, which was inexhaustible, is never chastised by a sense

of propriety or decorum. His language is inelegant, and the inequality of his pieces is the consequence of negligence, an unpardonable fault in a writer. He who presumes to solicit publick attention, ought certainly to omit no means in his power to deserve it; and the useful qualities of diligence and accuracy, give respectability to moderate talents and atone for many defects in composition.

It should seem as if it had been impossible to corrupt the chastity of Virgil's muse; but the ill-placed industry of Ausonius has effected this unjustifiable purpose, and his Cento Nuptialis will be an eternal monument of his disgrace.

CLAUDIAN.

Towards the end of the fourth century, and in the reign of Honorius and Arcadius, Claudian wrote several poems, which are scarcely worthy the name of epick. His Rape of Proserpine stood highest in his own esteem, and the opinion of criticks has confirmed the judgment which he formed of it. But genius not under the guidance of discretion, is ever found to be equally dangerous in writing and in conduct. His flights are often extravagant although beautiful, and his figures are too bold to be endured by the lovers of correct composition.

The purity of his language and the melody of his numbers, obtained him the praise of Scaliger. Of wit he has the happiest vein; and it is a subject both of surprise and concern, that as the latter part of his life was passed in retirement and literary ease, he did not employ it in correcting the inequalities of his work, and weighing them by that standard of taste of which, from his admiration of Virgil, he had formed no incompetent idea.

He would then perhaps have possessed much of the majesty of the Mantuan bard, and might have claimed the distinguished honour of exhibiting an exception to the corrupted style which deforms all the poetry, not only of his own age, but of the three centuries which preceded him.

Lives and Characters of eminent Greek Writers.

ANACREON:

A lyrick poet, born at Teios, a city of Ionia, flourished about 532 years before the Christian era. Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, invited him to his court, and made him share with him in his business and pleasures. Pleasure he was fond of to excess; and his philosophy seems to have been entirely that of Epicurus, so that Polycrates could not have chosen a more accomplished master of revels.

His philosophy was to make the most of the present life, without reference to futurity. Notwithstanding his dissipation he lived to the age of 85; being choaked, we are told, by a grape-stone that stuck in his throat, as he was regaling on some new wine.

There is but a small part of his works that remain; for, besides odes and epigrams, he composed elegies, hymns, and iambicks.

His poems, which are extant, were rescued from oblivion by Henry Stevens. His manner in these odes is ingenious, but peculiar, and has never been rightly copied. Horace has imitated some of his beauties, particularly his Bacchanalian odes. But there is a kind of allegory in him, which, though generally natural, is somewhat obscure, and difficult either to imitate or explain!

His subjects are often trivial enough, but are rendered agreeable by his wit, which is of the laughing kind, abounding in smiles and graces, and tinctured with satire. No authour's temper was ever more strongly impressed on his works; for, by reading even a few odes, we see at once what kind of a man he was.

PINDAR:

The prince of lyrick poets, was born at Thebes 520 years before Christ. He received his first musical instructions from his father, who was a flute-player; after which, according to Suidas, he studied under Myrtis, a lady of distinguished abilities in lyrick poetry. He was afterwards the pupil of Corinna, a lady of equal genius in the lyrick muse.

As Pindar's first essays were wild and luxuriant, on communicating his attempts to the last lady, she told him that he should sow with the hand, and not empty his whole sack at once.

Pindar, however, soon quitted these female leading strings, and became the disciple of Simonides, now arrived at an extreme old age. After which he soon surpassed all his masters, and acquired the highest reputation over Greece; but, like a true prophet, he was less honoured in his own country than elsewhere; for, at Thebes, he was often pronounced vanquished in the musical

and poetical contests by candidates of inferiour merit.

Myrtis and Corinna afterwards disputed the prize with him at Thebes. He obtained a victory over Myrtis; but was vanquished five different times by Corinna. Perhaps this was owing, says Pausanius, to the latter's beauty, which influenced the judges.

Pindar had the mortification, before he quitted Thebes, to see his Dithyrambicks traduced, abused, and turned into ridicule by the comick poets of his time; and Athanæus tells us, that he was severely censured by his brother lyricks, for his being a lipogrammatist, and composing an ode from which he excommunicated the letter S. Whether these censures proceeded from envy cannot be determined.

Pindar, however, upon leaving Thebes, became the idol of Greece, and was courted by all the heroes, princes, and potentates of his time. He seems often to have been present at the four great festivals of the Olympian, Pythian, Nemean and Isthmian games, as may be seen from the odes he composed on these occasions, which are in the true spirit of lyrick poetry, sublime, full of rapture, wild and abrupt in their transitions, concise, obscure, and moral.

He also composed elegies on the death of great personages, which were esteemed as master-pieces of the kind; but none of them are now extant.

Pindar lived to the great age of 90; being, along with Anacreon and Sophocles, the longest liver of all the poets. Most others have been generally short-lived; which happens, perhaps, either from the delicacy of their bodily frame, the too frequent irregularity and misfortunes of their lives, or their intense application to study above their strength.

SOPHOCLES:

Was archon or chief magistrate of Athens, in which office he commanded the forces of the republick, and signalized himself by his valour on many great occasions.

He composed plays till he was very old, and retained his genius to the last; for he composed his Oedipus Coloneus, when, on account of his great age, he was alledged by his heirs, who wanted to grasp his estate, in a state of dotage. But producing this play before the judges who sat upon the cause, he said he would give up his title, if they thought a dotard could produce such a piece. Upon which he was honourably acquitted. Of 100 tragedies he is said to have written, only seven have been preserved to our time. He died aged 91; about 406 years B. C.

THEOCRITUS:

Was born at Syracuse; but lived at the court of Egypt, in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, about three hundred years B. C. He was made keeper (by that prince) of the famous Alexandrian Library, and was succeeded in that office by Apollonius Rhodius, the authour of the Argonautick expedition, a beautiful poem still extant.

It is said, that, at his return to Syracuse, venturing to speak ill of Hiero, king of that city, he was put to death by his order. There are still extant his Idylliums in the Dorick dialect, with some other poems; all of great merit; particularly on account of their admirable simplicity, and the sweetness of the dialect in which they are written.

He may be justly considered as the father of pastoral poetry. Grace and simplicity are his characteristicks. He is sometimes tender; often excels in description, and has, moreover, a kind of humour peculiar to himself His first six Idylliums are all instances of the above beauties; although several of the rest are equally excellent. He represents the manners, pleasantry, and humour of peasants and shepherds, with peculiar propriety and exactness; and in this species of writing stands unrivalled.

DEMOSTHENES:

The prince of orators, flourished in the time of Philip, king of Macedon: somewhat prior to the age of Alexander.

No orator ever cultivated his parts to more advantage; or more overcame natural and almost insuperable defects, by practice, art, and diligence. It is said that he studied Thucydides with great exactness; and read him many times over before he began to compose. No orator was ever more laborious; and yet there is not the least appearance of labour or affectation in his style. He uses no circumlocutions, no idle parade of words; which might enfeeble the effects of his eloquence.

On the contrary, he comes to the point at once: his bold and decisive eloquence strikes like lightning; and produces instantaneous effects. And in this way he animated not only his countrymen, the Athenians, but by the matchless power of his oratory, gained over in one day the Thebans, their mortal antagonists, to join the common confederacy; and this too in opposition to the famous orator Python of Byzantium, employed by Philip against him His oration struck the Thebans, though a dull people, with a kind of enthusiasm, and they instantly cried: "Come, let us take arms! let us march against Philip!"

The dispute between Eschines and Demosthenes is very famous. The affair was thus: The latter having rebuilt, at his own expense, the walls of Athens, the citizens out of gratitude honoured him with a golden crown, according to the decree of Ctesiphon to that purpose. But Eschines, out of jea-

lousy and envy, censured this decree. The cause was to be pleaded before the people.

Nothing of the kind ever excited so much curiosity, or was pleaded with so much pomp. Vast was the concourse from all parts of Greece, says Cicero, and no wonder; for what sight could be nobler than a conflict between two orators, each of them excellent in his way; both formed by nature, improved by art, and animated by perpetual feuds, and implacable animosity.

These two orations may be justly considered as the master-pieces of antiquity, especially that of Demosthenes. Cicero translated the latter, a strong proof of the high estimation in which he held it. Unluckily for us, the preamble alone of that performance is now extant, which is sufficient to make us regret the loss of the rest. The oration of Eschines has come down entire; and is indeed a most valuable and finished piece, whether we consider the purity and elegance of the style, or the closeness and strength of the argument; and we may guess that nothing could make it lose its effect; but that it had to combat with Demosthenes, in whose harangue there was, no doubt, more of that force and fire that nothing can resist.

PLATO:

Plato was born at Athens 430 years B. C. He was a person of quality; being descended by his father from royal ancestors, and by his mother from Solon. In his youth he was much addicted to poetry. He first wrote odes and dithyrambicks, and afterwards epick poetry; which last, finding much inferiour to Homer, he burned.

Soon after, meeting with Socrates, he was so charmed with his way of discoursing, that he forsook poetry; and applied himself wholly to moral philosophy. Eight years he lived with Socrates; in which time he committed, as did Xenophon, the substance of his master's doctrines to writing.

Upon Socrates's death, he retired in melancholy to Megara; where he was kindly received by Euclid, who had been one of that philosopher's first scholars. He afterwards travelled in pursuit of knowledge. From Megara he went to Italy, where he conferred with Eurytus, Philolaus, and Archytas of Tarentum. These were the most considerable of the followers of Pythagoras; and from them he borrowed his natural philosophy.

Thence he passed into Egypt; where he became acquainted with the Egyptian Theology; their skill in geometry, astronomy; and from their priests and wisemen, Pausanius says, he learned the immortality and also the transmigration of the soul. He at last travelled into Persia to consult the magi about the religion of the country; and he designed penetrating even into India to visit the Brachmans and Gymnosophists; but the wars in Asia hindered him.

Returning to Athens, he set up a school of philosophy in the Academy: a place of exercise in the suburbs beset with woods. His fame was so great that he was sent for to different courts, not only to teach the young men in philosophy, but also the laws of government. He went not to any of them, but gave rules of government to all.

He lived single, yet soberly and chastly. He was a man of great virtue, yet exceedingly affable and easy. He conversed civilly with all the philosophers of his time; although pride and envy were then at their height.

Aristotle, Hyperides, Demosthenes, and Isocrates, were all his scholars. This extraordinary man being arrived at 81 years of age, died a very easy and peaceable death, in the midst of an entertainment according to some; but, according to Cicero, as he was writing.

Plato may be called the prince of the Grecian philosophers that have left any thing in writing; and he appears to have come nearest to the spirit of his great master Socrates. His genius as well as his temper, seem to have been of a turn truly divine; and wholly devoted to virtue.

Vast and sublime in his conceptions, pure in his heart, and full of a simple but majestick eloquence, he instructs us with a pathetick philosophy that outshines all the ancients; and as he strikes the imagination more, so he likewise may be said to touch the heart more than any other writer of the same kind. Cicero knew the value of Plato, when he calls him the divine, by way of distinction from all other philosophers; and he certainly read and copied him more than any other.

His dialogues contain the quintessence of the Socratick philosophy, besides the addition of many noble conceptions of his own; and they are peculiarly excellent on account of their style, which indeed is the grand pattern of the dialogue style to succeeding writers. Cicero and Lucian, who are both eminent this way, must have profitted much by having so good a master before them.

The method of throwing one's thoughts, upon any subject, into the form of dialogue, if done successfully, must be allowed to have peculiar force and vivacity; but yet, to succeed in it, is a work of difficulty. A certain liveliness of imagination, as well as acuteness and penetration of judgment, a quick comprehension of arguments on both sides of a question; together with a talent in drawing character, must join in forming the able dialogist. Shaftesbury, in his Characteristicks, has imitated the dialogue-style, with no bad success; although Xenophon, rather than Plato, seems to have been his favourite authour. The first edition of Plato was published by Aldus at Venice in 1513.

CLERGY OF FRANCE.

When my occasions took me into France, towards the close of the late reign, the clergy under all their forms, engaged a considerable part of my curiosity. So far from finding (except from one set of men, not then very numerous but very active) the complaints against that body, which some publications had given me reason to expect, I perceived little or no publick or private uneasiness on their account. On further examination, I found the clergy in general, persons of moderate minds and decorous manners; I include the seculars, and the regulars of both sexes. I had not the good fortune to know a great many of the parochial clergy; but in general I received a perfectly good account of their morals, and of their attention to their duties. With some of the higher clergy I had a personal acquaintance: and of the rest in that class, very good means of information. They were, almost all of them, persons of noble birth. They resembled others of their own rank; and where there was any difference, it was in their favour. They were more fully educated than the military noblesse; so as by no means to disgrace their profession by ignorance, or by want of fitness for the exercise of their authority. They seemed to me beyond the clerical character, liberal and open; with the hearts of gentlemen and men of honour; neither insolent nor servile in their manners and conduct. They seemed to me rather a superiour class; a set of men, amongst whom you would not be surprised to find a Fenelon. I saw among the clergy in Paris (many of the description are not to be met with any where) men of great learning and candour; and I had reason to believe, that this description was not confined to Paris. What I found in other places, I know was accidental; and therefore to be presumed a fair sample. I spent a few days in a provincial town, where, in the absence of the bishop, I passed my evenings with three clergymen, his vicars-general, persons who would have done honour to any church. They were all well-informed; two of them of deep, general and extensive erudition, ancient and modern, oriental and western; particularly in their own profession. They had a more extensive knowledge of our English divines than I expected; and they entered into the genius of those writers with a critical accuracy. One of these gentlemen is since dead —the Abbe *Morangis*. I pay this tribute without reluctance, to the memory of that noble, reverend, learned and excellent person; and I should do the same with equal cheerfulness, to the merits of the others, who I believe are still living, if I did not fear to hurt those whom I am unable to serve. Some of these ecclesiasticks of rank, are, by all titles, persons deserving of general respect. They are deserving of gratitude from me, and from many English. If this letter should ever come into their hands, I hope they will believe there are those of our nation who feel for their unmerited fall and for the cruel confiscation of their fortunes, with no common sensibility. What I say of them is a testimony, as far as one feeble voice can go, which I owe to truth. Whenever the question of this unnatural persecution is concerned I will pay it. No one shall prevent me from being just and grateful. The time is fitted for the duty; and it is particularly becoming to show our justice and gratitude when those who have deserved well of us and of mankind are labouring under popular obloquy and the persecutions of oppressive power. You had before your revolution about an hundred and twenty bishops. A few of them were men of eminent sanctity, and charity without limit. When we talk of the heroick, of course we talk of rare virtue I believe the instances of eminent depravity may be as rare amongst them as those of transcendent goodness. Examples of avarice and of licentiousness may be picked out, I do not question it, by those who delight in the investigation which leads to such discoveries. A man, as old as I am, will not be astonished that several, in every description, do not lead that perfect life of self-denial, with regard to wealth or

to pleasure, which is wished for by all, by some expected, but by none exacted with more rigour, than by those who are the most attentive to their own interests, or the most indulgent to their own passions. When I was in France, I am certain that the number of vicious prelates was not great. Certain individuals among them not distinguishable for the regularity of their lives, made some amends for their want of the severe virtues, in their possession of the liberal; and were endowed with qualities which made them useful in the church and state. I am told, that with few exceptions, Louis the Sixteenth had been more attentive to character, in his promotions to that rank, than his immediate predecessour; and I believe (as some spirit of reform has prevailed through the whole reign) that it may be true.—*Burke.*

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Parties of pleasure are those where many people are apt to continue, forcing smiles, and yawning spontaneously for two or three hours after all relish is fled.

In this dismal condition many remain night after night, because the hour of sleep is not yet arrived;—and what else can they do?

What a listless situation! Without any pleasure where you are, without any motive to be gone, you remain in a kind of passive, gaping oyster state, till the tide of the company moves you to your carriage. And when you recover your reflection in your bedchamber, you find you have passed the two last hours in a kind of humming buzzing stupor, without satisfaction or ideas of any kind.

FINE GENTLEMEN,

Till they have been wound up by their valets, many seem absolutely incapable of motion. They have no more use of their hands for any office about their own person, than if they were paralytick: at night they must wait for their servant, before they can undress themselves and go to bed: in the morning, if the valet happen to be out of the way, their master must remain helpless and sprawling in bed, like a turtle on its back upon the kitchen table of an alderman.

One great source of vexation proceeds from our indulging too sanguine hopes of enjoyment from the blessings we expect, and too much indifference for those we possess. Young says—

"The present moment, like a wife we shun,
"And ne'er enjoy, because it is our own."

Charlotte Smith, with great felicity of choice, has formed a beautiful bouquet

OF WILD FLOWERS.

Fair rising from her icy couch,
Wan herald of the floral year,
The Snowdrop marks the Spring's approach
Ere yet the Primrose groups appear,
Or peers the Arum from its spotted veil,
Or odorous Violets scent the cold capricious gale.

Then thickly strewn in woodland bowers
Anemonies their stars unfold,
There Spring the Sorrel's veined flowers
And rich in vegetable gold,
From Calyx pale the freckled Cowslip born
Receives in amber cups the fragant dews of morn.

Lo the green Thorn her silver buds
Expands to May's enlivening beam,
Hottonia blushes on the floods,
And where the slowly trickling stream
Mid grass and spiry rushes stealing glides,
Her lovely fringed flowers fair Maryanthes hides.

In the lone copse or shadowy dale,
Wild cluster'd knots of Harebells blow
And droops the Lily of the vale,
O'er Vinca's matted leaves below,
The Orchis race with varied beauty charm,
And mock the exploring bee, a fly's ærial form.

Wound in the hedgerows oaken boughs
The Woodbine's tassels float in air,
And, blushing, the uncultur'd Rose
Hangs high her beauteous blossoms there,

Her fillets there the purple Night-shade weaves,
And the Brionia winds her pale and scollop'd leaves.

To later Summer's fragrant breath
Clematis' feathery garlands dance;
The hollow Foxglove nods beneath,
While the tall Mullein's yellow lance
Dear to the mealy tribe of evening, lowers,
And the weak Galium weaves its myriad fairy flowers.

Sheltering the coot's or wild duck's nest,
And where the timid Halcyon hides,
The Willowherb in crimson drest,
Waves with Arundo o'er the tides;
And there the bright Nymphia loves to lave
Or spreads her golden orbs upon the dimpling wave.

And thou, by Pain and Sorrow blest,
Papaver, that an opiate dew
Conceal'st beneath thy scarlet vest,
Contrasting with the Cornflower blue,
Autumnal months behold thy gauzy leaves
Bend in the rustling gale amid the tawny sheaves.

From the first bud whose venturous head
The Winter's lingering tempest braves,
To those which mid the foliage dead
Sink latest to the annual graves:
All are for food, for health, or pleasure given,
And speak, in various ways, the bounteous hands of Heaven.

—

Never was there a jar or discord between genuine sentiment and sound policy. Never, no, never, did Nature say one thing and Wisdom say another. Nor are sentiments of elevation in themselves turgid and unnatural. Nature is never more truly herself, than in her grandest forms. The Apollo of Belvedere (if the universal robber has yet left him at Belvedere) is as much in nature, as any figure from the pencil of Rembrant, or any clown in the Rustick revels of Teniers. Indeed it is when a great nation is in great difficulties, that minds must exalt themselves to the occasion or all is lost. Strong passions under the direction of a feeble reason feeds a low fever, which serves only to destroy the body that entertains it. But vehement passion does not always indicate an infirm judgment. It often accompanies and actuates, and is even auxiliary to a powerful understanding; and when they both conspire and act harmoniously, their force is great to destroy disorder within, and to repel injury from abroad.

—

Dibdin, studious of nautical phrases and of the manners of every mariner, is well qualified to describe the jolly tars of Old England. The following is his latest drawing of some Tom Pipes or Jack Ratlin.

Jack dances and sings and is always content
In his vows to his lass he'd ne'er fail her,
His anchor's atrip, when his money's all spent,
And this is the life of a sailor.

Alert in his duty, he readily flies,
Where the winds the tir'd vessel are flinging,
Though sunk to the sea-gods or tossed to the skies,
Still Jack is found working and singing.

Longside of an enemy boldly and brave
He'll with broadside on broadside regale her,
Yet he'll sigh to the soul on that enemy's grave,
So noble's the mind of a sailor.

Let canons roar loud, burst their sides let the bombs,
Let the winds or dread hurricane rattle,
The rough and the pleasant he takes as it comes,
And laughs at the storm and the battle.

In a fostering power while Jack puts his trust
As Fortune comes, smiling he'll hail her,
Resign'd still and manly since what must be must,
And this is the mind of a sailor.

Though careless and headlong if danger should press,
And rank'd 'mong the free list of rovers,
Yet he'll melt into tears at a tale of distress,
And prove the most constant of lovers.

To rancour unknown, to no passion a slave,
Nor unmanly, nor mean, nor a railer,
He's gentle as Mercy, as Fortitude brave,
And this is a true English sailor.

—

During a late war between France and Great Britain, an English vessel of superiour force took a French frigate after an obstinate engagement. The frigate was brought into a commercial town upon the English coast, and the officers were treated with great hospitality by some of the principal inhabitants: one very rich merchant in particular invited them frequently to his house, where he entertained them in a very magnificent manner. The first day on which they dined with him, his lady behaved with such peculiar attention to the prisoners, that she seemed

to neglect the other guests at her table. After the company had withdrawn, she said to her husband, that it gave her pleasure to perceive that the French gentlemen who had just left them, instead of giving way to vain repining, or allowing their spirits to be depressed by their misfortunes, had shown the utmost cheerfulness and gaiety during the whole repast; all except one, who seemed much dejected, and almost entirely overcome with the idea of being a prisoner. This she accounted for by supposing that his loss was greater, and she apprehended from the obstinate silence he had retained, and from the discontent and melancholy so strongly marked in his countenance, that the poor gentleman would not long survive his misfortune.

"I cannot imagine who you mean," said the husband.

The lady described the man so exactly, that it was impossible to mistake him.

That unfortunate gentleman," said the husband, "is none of the prisoners; he is the captain of the English vessel who took them."

—

The following hunting song is so infinitely superiour to the vulgar ditties of the English sportsman, that it challenges a place in every literary Journal. Nothing can be more sprightly than the measure, and nothing more classical than the imagery. A very ingenious parody of this admirable song was some years ago published in the eastern papers. It was the production of a Cambridge scholar, and was very playfully descriptive of the manners and habits of some of his college contemporaries. We hope the authour, or the editor of this ballad, which is extremely honourable to the poet, will address it as soon as possible to The Port Folio.

Songs of shepherds in rustical roundelays,
Formed in fancy and whistled on reeds,
Sung to solace young nymphs upon holidays,
Are too unworthy for wonderful deeds.
Sottish Silenus to Phœbus the genius
Was sent by dame Venus a song to prepare
In phrase nicely coin'd and verse quite refin'd,
How once the States divine hunted the hare.

Stars quite tir'd with pastimes Olympical,
Stars and planets that brilliantly shone,
Could no longer endure that men only should
Revel in pleasures, and they but look on.
Round about horned Lucina they swarmed,
And quickly informed her how minded they were,
Each god and goddess to take human bodies
As lords and ladies to follow the hare.

Chaste Diana applauded the motion,
And pale Proserpina sat down in her place
To guide the welkin and govern the ocean,
While Dian conducted her nephews in chace,
By her example the father to trample,
The earth old and ample, they soon leave the air;
Neptune the water, and wine Liber Pater,
And Mars the slaughter to follow the hare.

Young God Cupid was mounted on Pegasus,
Borrow'd o' the muses with kisses and prayers;
Stern Alcides on cloudy Caucasus,
Mounted a centaur that proudly him bears,
The postilion of the sky, light heeled Sir Mercury,
Made his swift courser fly fleet as the air;
While tuneful Apollo the pastime did follow
To whoop and to hollo boys, after the hare.

Drowned Narcissus from his metamorphosis,
Roused by Echo, new manhood did take;
Snoring Somnus up started from Cim'ries—
Before for a thousand years he did not wake.
There was lame club-footed Mulciber booted,
And Pan too promoted on Corydon's mare,
Æolus flouted, with mirth Momus shouted,
While wise Pallas pouted, yet followed the hare.

Grave Hymen ushered in lady Astrea,
The humour took hold of Latona the cold;
Ceres the brown too, with bright Cytherea,
And Thetis the wanton, Bellona the bold,
Shamefaced Aurora, with witty Pandora,
And Maia with Flora did company bear;
But Juno was stated too high to be mated,
Although Sir, she hated not hunting the hare.

Three brown bowls of Olympical nectar
The Troy-born boy now presents on his knee;
Jove to Phœbus carouses in nectar,
And Phœbus to Hermes, and Hermes to me;
Wherewith infused, I piped and mused
In language unused their sports to declare,
Till the vast house of Jove, like the bright spheres did move,
Here 's a health then to all that love hunting the hare.

—

Taste for letters I think essentially necessary to the happiness of people of high rank and great fortune. If they are ambitious, the cultivation of letters, by adorning their minds, and enlarging their faculties, will facilitate their plans, and render them more fit for the high situations to which they

aspire. If they are devoid of ambition, they have occasions for some of the pursuits of science as resources against the languor of retired or inactive life. A taste for letters, I am almost convinced, is the only thing which can render a man of fortune tolerably independent and easy through life. Whichsoever of the roads of science he loves to follow, his curiosity will continue to be kept awake. An inexhaustible variety of interesting objects will open to his view—his mind will be replenished with ideas—and even when the pursuits of ambition become insipid, he will still have antidotes against *ennui*.

—

The early butterfly is thus described by Mrs. Smith.

Trusting the first warm day of Spring,
When transient sunshine warms the sky,
Light on his yellow spotted wing
Comes forth the early butterfly.

With wavering flight he settles now
Where pilewort spreads its blossoms fair,
Or on the grass where daisies blow,
Pausing he rests his pinions there.

But, insect, in a luckless hour,
Thou from thy winter home hast come,
For yet is seen no luscious flower
With odour rich and honied bloom.

And these that to the early day,
Yet timidly their bells unfold,
Close with the sun's retreating ray,
And shut their humid eyes of gold.

For night's dark shades then gather round
And night winds whistle cold and keen,
And hoary frost will crisp the ground
And blight the leaves of budding green.

And thou poor fly, so soft and frail,
Mayst perish ere returning morn,
Nor ever on the summer gale,
To taste of summer sweets be borne!

Thus inexperienced Rashness will presume,
On the fair promise of life's op'ning day,
Nor dreams how soon the adverse storms may come
That hushed in grim repose expect their evening prey.

—

A certain obliging ecclesiastick, had taken the trouble, at the earnest request of a Roman lady, to arrange matters between her and a French Marquis, who was put into immediate possession of all the rights that were ever supposed to belong to a *cicisbeo*. The woman nauseated her husband, which had advanced matters mightily; and her passion for the Marquis was in proportion to her abhorrence of the other. In this state things had remained but a very short time when the Marquis called one afternoon to drive the Abbé out a little in the country. He declined the invitation, saying by way of apology: "Je suis dans les horreurs de la digestion." He then inquired how the Marquis's amour went on with the lady. "Ah, pour l'amour cela est à peu près passé": replied the Marquis, "et nous sommes actuellement dans les horreurs de l'amitié."

—

The ensuing merry poem is such a happy imitation of an ode of Horace, that our readers will peruse it with pleasure.

Ode, written by George Lord Viscount Townsend to Dr. Andrews, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin.

Ne sit ancillæ &c.

Blush not dear Andrews, nor disdain
A passion for that matchless dame,
Who kindles in all breasts a flame,
By Beauty's magick force:
What tho' on Dolly's lovely head
Summers twice ten are scarcely fled,
Is it, on that account, decreed
She must refuse of course?

Miltown, coeval with thy sire,
Durst to a blooming maid aspire,
And felt, or feigned, a lover's fire,
At seventy-three or more.
Bligh, who on Churchill's battles bled,
Took a young virgin to his bed;
No horny dreams disturbed his head,
Tho' shaking at fourscore.

Intrepid Lucas, lame and old,
Bereft of eyesight, health and gold,
To a green girl his passion told
And clasped the yielding bride!
Then, prythee leave that face of care,
Let not your looks presage despair,
Be jovial, brisk and debonnair,
My life you 're not denied.

Nor think, my friend, because I prize
Her breasts, that gently fall and rise,
Her auburn hair and radiant eyes,
I envy your espousal;
No rival passion fires my breast,
Long since from amorous pains at rest,
Nay more, to prove what I've professed,
I 'll carry your proposal.

—

A French Marquis paying a visit to an English gentleman, found an English newspaper on his table; it con-

tained a long and particular account of a debate which had happened in both Houses of Parliament; he read it with great attention; and then throwing down the paper, he said to his friend, "Mais mon ami, pendant que vos messieurs s'amusent á jaser comme cela dans votre chambre des pairs & votre Parlement; parbleu un étranger amoit beau jeu avec leurs femmes."

—

The poetry of Sir John Suckling is extremely sweet, and full of conceits, not without a deep tinge of the Goldsmith simplicity.

Upon the Patches worn by lady D. E.

I know your heart cannot so guilty be,
That you should wear those spots for vanity;
Or as your beauteous trophies put on one,
For every murder which your eyes have done;
No! they 're your mourning weeds for hearts forlorn,
Which, tho' you must not love, you could not scorn;
To whom since cruel honour does deny
The joys could only cure their misery;
Yet you this noble way to grace them found,
Whilst thus your grief their martyrdom has crown'd:
Of which take heed you prove not prodigal,
For if to every common funeral
By your eyes martyr'd, such grace were allowed,
Your face world wear—not patches, but a cloud.

—

A certain person (whether a Frenchman or an Englishman, we cannot inform our readers) but who certainly was a courtier, and possessed the highest possible regard for all living monarchs, and considered them as no better than any piece of clay when dead, had a full length picture of his own sovereign, in the principal room of his house; on his majesty's death, to save himself the expense of a fresh body, and new suit of ermine, he employed a painter to brush out the face and periwig, and clap the new king's head on his grandfather's shoulders; which, he declared, were in the most perfect preservation, and fully able to wear out three or four such heads as painters usually give in these degenerate days.

—

SONG,

The crafty boy that had full oft essayed,
To pierce my stubborn and resisting breast,
But still the bluntness of his darts betrayed,
Resolved at last of setting up his rest,
Either my unruly heart to tame,
Or quit his godhead and his bow disclaim.

So all his lovely looks, his pleasing fires,
All his sweet motions and his taking smiles,
All that awakes, all that inflames desires,
All that sweetly commands, all that beguiles,
He does into one pair of eyes convey
And there begs leave that he himself may stay!

And then he brings me where his ambush lay
Secure and careless to a stranger land:
And never warning me, which was foul play,
Does make me close by all this beauty stand
Where first struck dead, I did at last recover,
To know that I might only live to love her.

So I 'll be sworn I do, and do confess
The blind lad's power, while he inhabits there;
But I 'll be even with him nevertheless,
If e'er I chance to meet with him elsewhere:
If other eyes invite the boy to tarry,
I 'll fly to hers as to a sanctuary.

—

One of those saucy travellers who have the presumption to deride what in their opinion is absurd in the customs or peculiarities of this privileged country, thus contemptuously describes the comforts of travelling in one of our stage-waggons. What is more provoking in this Englishman's sarcasm is that he is a republican.

To those accustomed to travel in so elegant a vehicle as an English mail-coach, an American stage must appear a wretched conveyance. It is a carriage similar to those often used for *carrying wild beasts* in the *country parts* of England. It has five rows of seats, including the driver's, and those it conveys are guarded against cold, snow, or rain, by leather curtains, which button to the body of the carriage, but which are often torn, and always in consequence of distension loose, and consequently admit a great deal of air. The baggage of all the passengers is crammed into the coach; and not unfrequently *three* passengers are impacted upon each seat. In the summer, when it is necessary to ride with the curtains up, the passengers

are exposed to clouds of dust, a burning sun, and sultry winds.

—

THE GUILTLESS INCONSTANT.

My first love, whom all beauties did adorn,
Firing my heart, suppress it with her scorn;
Since, like the tinder in my breast, it lies,
By every sparkle made a sacrifice.
Each wanton eye can kindle my desire,
And that is free to all which was entire.
Desiring more by the desire I lost,
As those that in consumptions linger most.
And now my wand'ring thoughts are not confin'd
Unto one woman but to womankind:
This for her shape I love, that for her face,
This for her gesture, or some other grace:
And when that none of all these things I find,
I choose her by the kernel not the rind:
And so I hope, since my first hope is gone,
To find in many what I lost in one;
And like to merchants after some great loss
Trade by retail that cannot do in gross.
The fault is hers that made me go astray,
He needs must wander that has lost his way;
Guiltless I am; she does this change provoke
And made that charcoal which to her was oak,
And as a looking glass from the aspect,
While it is whole does but one face reflect,
But being cracked or broken there are grown
Many less faces where there was but one:
So love unto my heart did first prefer
Her image, and there placed none but her;
But since 'twas broke and martyr'd by her scorn
Many less faces in her place are born.

—

To my lady E. C. on her going out of England.

I must confess when I did part from you,
I could not force an artificial dew
Upon my cheeks, nor with a gilded phrase
Express how many hundred several ways
My heart was tortur'd, nor, with arms across,
In discontented garbs, set forth my loss:
Such loud expressions many times do come
From lightest hearts, great griefs are always dumb;
The shallow rivers roar, the deep are still;
Numbers of painted words may show much skill;
But little anguish and a cloudy face
Is oft put on to serve both time and place:
The blazing wood may to the eye seem great,
But 'tis the fire rak'd up that has the heat,
And keeps it long. True sorrow 's like to wine,
That which is good doth never need a sign.
My eyes were channels far too small to be,
Conveyers of such floods of misery:
And so pray think; or, if you'd entertain
A thought more charitable, suppose some strain
Of sad repentance had not long before
Quite empty'd for my sins that wat'ry store.

* * * *

The conclusion of the above verses is so feeble and spiritless that it is omitted in this transcript.

—

In one of my visits to the Vatican at Rome, I was accompanied by two persons who had never been there before: one of them is accused of being perfectly callous to every thing which does not immediately touch his own person; the other is a worthy man: The first, after staring some time with marks of terrour at the group, at length recovered himself, exclaiming with a laugh—"Egad, I was afraid these d—d serpents would have left the fellows they are devouring, and made a snap at me; but I am happy to recollect they are of marble."—"I thank you, sir, most heartily," said the other, "for putting me in mind of that circumstance; till you mentioned it, I was in agony for those two youths."—*Dr. Moore.*

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

For The Port Folio.

B. B. HOPKINS & CO.

Classical, Literary, and Professional Booksellers, No. 170, Market-street, will in a few days put to press and publish with all convenient despatch,

SELECT SPEECHES,

Forensick and Parliamentary, with illustrative remarks,

By N. CHAPMAN, *M. D.*

The editor very respectfully acquaints the subscribers to the above work, that his success in the collection of speeches has exceeded his most sanguine expectations.—By the zealous and active exertions of a friend abroad, he has had procured and sent him, a numerous list of speeches of the eminent lawyers and statesmen, who have figured in Great Britian and Ireland during the last half century.—Among these he enumerates the late lord Chatham's, lord Mansfield's, lord Lyttleton's, (the younger) lord *Thurlow's*, lord *Wedderburn's*, lord North's, lord Germain's, lord Camden's, Mr.

Dunning's, Flood's, Grattan's, colonel Barre's, the present Mr. Sheridan's, and Mr. Erskine's, now lord chancellor, &c. &c.

He has also received the whole of the speeches of the late Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, recently collected and published in six octavo volumes, from which he will *copiously*, though *carefully* select such as are particularly recommended by the value of the matter, or the brilliancy of the style: and in order to gratify the eagerness which he presumes will arise, to possess these unrivalled specimens of eloquence, the leading volumes of the work will be principally devoted to their publication.

In short, the editor confidently assures the patrons of the work, that he will present them with a very complete exhibition of *modern eloquence*.

LIFE OF FOX.

We have perused a very amusing work entitled, "Recollections of the Life of the late Right Honourable Charles James Fox," &c. printed in New-York, and just published in this city by B. B. Hopkins & Co. and W. P. Ferrand. It is from the pen of B. C. Walpole, Esq. and exhibits a well-drawn portrait of the moral and political character of that celebrated orator and statesman. It is not, as is too often the case with works of this kind, a mere panegyrick upon the hero of the tale. The virtues and the vices which were almost equally conspicuous in the character of Mr. Fox, are placed before the reader in such a manner as to excite alternately applause and censure, admiration and disgust. Some judicious and discriminating comparisons are drawn between the character and conduct of Mr. Fox and his great and more consistent rival Mr. Pitt. A very interesting account is given of the separation which took place between him and his friend and political instructor, Mr. Burke, in the year 1791, and the inflexibility with which Burke adhered, to the end of his life, and even on his death bed, to his purpose of keeping up no intercourse with a man whose principles he thought dangerous to his country; and this notwithstanding repeated overtures from Mr. Fox.

On the whole, we recommend this little volume to general perusal, as well calculated to afford both amusement and instruction.—*U. S. Gazette.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

THE DAY—PART II.

(*Concluded.*)

A second time the school collects,
To lessen still the soul's defects,
When James reads from the Mantuan bard
That death was Turnus' sad reward;
And also, that the Latian maid
Intreats to have her lover staid—
I bid him stop, for now-a-days,
The ladies mock the pains they raise.
I've laboured Sir, with all my might,
And yet the woman's* eggs a'nt right,
Th' ingredients of the cake are found,
Of honey just a Grecian pound.
I've drawn the angles and the lines,
Then look the table for the sines,
Come, to Geography attend,
And mark how far the States extend,
Behold, the globe before you stands,
With all its mountains, seas and lands;
We prove it round as cup or ball,
For valiant Drake sail'd round it all;
Of course the ancients call'd in vain,
This earth a wide extended plain,
On Atlas' shoulders made to poise;
Who firmly stood on a tortoise.
Nor can we trust the silly monk†,
Who said geographers were drunk
To think the earth e'er chang'd her place,
And thanked the Lord for special grace,
By which he proved it like a table,
Square, well jointed, rough and stable.
The steady change of night and day,
He solv'd, he said, the truest way;
A mountain rises near the lines,
Round which the sun forever shines:
When he 's behind we pine in night,
And when before we roll in light!
But Galileo soon proclaims
These notions crude and idle dreams,
And made the bigots fiercely stare,
On telling that our earth 's a sphere;
And that it mov'd by heaven's will,
While Sol himself stood nearly still.
One motion gave us day and night,
And one the varying year's delight.
He also taught the sun was greater
Than mother earth and all her matter,

---

* Questions in Algebra.
† See Robertson's dissertation on India.

And that the moon was little less
Than terra's half on which we press.
The nations heard him with amaze,
The monks and bishops wildly gaze;
The Pope himself by Mary swore,
Such lies were never broached before;
And calls a council to consign
This heretick to wrath divine.
The council met—the Pope arose,
And groaning humbly rends his clothes,
Then praying much for Peter's grace,
Proceeds to state this impious case.
"My dearest friends, these latter times,
The Scripture says, shall reek with crimes,
But what vile sins so mar the flock,
As those from an heretick stock:
Vile doctrines have been often taught,
With horrible damnation fraught,
But Galileo now essays,
To make us disbelieve our eyes;
The sun, he says, does hardly move,
An arrant lie as all can prove,
And also that he's ten times greater
Than mother earth with all her matter;
Tho' every man can see with ease
He's little larger than a cheese.
The moon, this heretick maintains,
Great mountains, seas and dens contains,
Yet we can see, with half an eye,
She's smaller than a pastry pye.
He also says the earth runs round,
But who e'er tumbled off the ground.
Such blasphemies at once convict
This man an impious heretick,
We, therefore, by our power divine,
His body to the flames consign;
His soul, where fire and brimstone rain,
Shall share in Satan's horrid pain,
Unless he instantly recants,
And humbly with contrition pants;
Our mercy then may pardon give,
And teach him in the truth to live."
Our sage no martyr courage vaunts,
And therefore hastily recants.
I now return from this digression
To mark the subject of your lesson.
My pupils yawn and cry alack,
No end appearing to my clack,
When William sees their dismal case,
He comes and says, with smiling face;
This word I can't perceive for blots,
The Rambler, speaking there of oats,
Their meaning Sir? Tut, worse and worse,
He calls them food for Scotch and horse.
But taking Johnson's sense amiss,
I turn, and bid the school dismiss.
At tea the children's harmless prattle,
Please us more than gossip tattle,
Or if our humour must have vent,
It 's instantly on authours spent;
Dull Gillie's milk and water style,
Mad Heron's undiscerning file;
Delighting each in periods dark,
Afford us room for much remark;
Or if we're in a merrier mood,
We treat ourselves with better food,
Scriblerus, Dryden, Swift, or Pope,
Forbid our brightened souls to mope.
But if it happen that we dream,
Of glory and the Grecian name,
Great Homer sanctifies our rage,
Sublimely bright in every page.
The children cry; my book I seek,
Some hours to kill with musty Greek,
Or mathematicks deep but rare,
Withdraws my soul from eating care,
This done, I read a page of Locke;
Or dullness' sleepy powers invoke
To purify my plaguy rhymes,
And mark me for her own betimes;
Anon! my mind to nought attends,
But only thinks of absent friends.
One o' clock, the sentry cries,
Then whispers Prudence "save your eyes;"
Inclining this advice to keep,
I shut my book to go to sleep;
Stop, Conscience cries, with tone severe,
And first your day's exploits declare.
By dealing out some mental food,
I think I've done some little good;
To sin, in truth, I lack'd occasion,
Who does ill without temptation?
Breathing this I quench the taper,
Convinc'd that human life's a vapour.

N. N.

—

For The Port Folio.

TO LEYRIDA

By those soul-breathing eyes beaming brightly with blue,
Which enraptur'd I saw as I gaz'd upon you,
And the words you pronounced when you vow'd to be true,
I conjure thee to love me, Leyrida!

By the blush of thy cheek that so softly beguiles,
By the sportful young Cupids that dance in thy smiles,
And all the wild tricks that they play in their wiles,
I conjure thee to love me, Leyrida!

By the wishes that often steal o'er my night-dreams,
By the morning distrusts that obscure the bright beams,
And the sorrows that flow in quick-falling streams,
I conjure thee to love me, Leyrida!

By the mem'ry of days, that, ah me long are past,
By the dark low'ring clouds that my joys have o'ercast,
And the pitiless storm that now howls with bleak blast,
I conjure thee to love me, Leyrida!

By the green rolling waves that so gently did glide,

When we walk'd by the stream at the mild
even-tide,
And in raptures thy lover conversed by thy
side,
I conjure thee to love me, Leyrida!

By the promise you made me while yet we
were young,
By the soft flowing accents I caught from
your tongue,
And the love-breathing notes which so
sweetly you sung,
I conjure thee to love me, Leyrida!

By the blossoms that then did so fragrantly
grow,
By the night-winds that now sweep in mur-
murings low,
And seem by their sad strains to echo my
woe,
I conjure thee to love me, Leyrida!

By the songs I have sung all attuned to thy
praise,
By the zephyrs that lingered to list to my
lays,
I conjure thee remember the quick-passing
days,
When you vow'd you would love
me, Leyrida!

SEDLEY.

—

For The Port Folio.

THE MISANTHROPE. A FRAGMENT.

Where wild Wautauga's angry waves
Thro' wilder mountains roar,
Where hungry wolves, from lurid caves,
Their frightful howlings pour,

Where eagles fix their airy seats,
Above the lonely stream,
Where Panthers find secure retreats,
And luckless ravens scream,

There will I dwell—with friendly bears,
I'll fix my social den,
And bid adieu to all the cares
Of faithless, savage men!

If passing clouds with fury driv'n,
Break on the mountain side,
And all the hail and rain in heav'n,
Come down to swell the tide,

If howling blasts sweep thro' the caves,
And mountain torrents roar,
And old Wautauga's foaming waves
Beat on the solid shore;

If lightnings flash, and thunders roll
And awful meteors play,
Secure from man my tranquil soul
Will bless the peaceful day.

Tho' central fires from sulph'rous beds,
With direful shocks explode,
Secure from man, no minor dreads
Shall visit mine abode!

No seeming friend's insidious wiles
Can e'er assail me there;
Nor will I dread the pois'nous smiles
Of the seductive fair!

Nor bloated Wealth, with shallow brain,
And silly pompous stride,
Shall vex my wounded soul again,
Or wake my dormant pride.

Caetera desunt.

—

For The Port Folio.

Scenes of delight! where many a day
Has pass'd on rapid pinions by,
Why turn I from your charms away,
Or view them only with a sigh!

Why have ye lost for me those joys,
That once were to my heart so dear,
When from a crowded city's noise
I brought a hermit's feelings here?

Ye are the same: as green your trees,
As richly do your blossoms glow,
As sweet a fragrance fills your breeze,
As pure your winding rivers flow.

Yet I—how chang'd a heart is mine!
I heedless through your beauties rove,
While doom'd, at distance doom'd to pine,
From her whose smile is life and love.

A.

EPITAPHS.

SELBY, YORKSHIRE,

Here lies the body of poor *Frank Row*
Parish-clerk and grave-stone cutter;
And this is writ to let you know,
What *Frank* for others us'd to do,
Is now for *Frank* done by another.

—

IN WREXHAM CHURCH-YARD.

Here lies John Shore,
I say no more;
Who was alive
In sixty-five.

The Price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Published for the Editor at the N. East Corner of Second in Dock-Street, Philadelphia.

PRINTED BY T. SMITH & J. MAXWELL.